

## **Avots (spring-source)**

Andrew Gryf Paterson, 31.3.2017

The traces that a highly-mobile social practice leave online are determined by the platforms we use to share perspectives of that particular moment capturing our attention. Here or there or t/here, we mix curiosities, passions and enthusiasms among the data-flow we dip our toes into. Exposed by algorithms and timelines, we attempt to make a mark, or better to say a ripple, maybe with a wish to divert the flow. Psychologically they are all fluid. More or less variably these acts make impressions, and cutting-edge developments in online psychometrics note that they can also affect people's behaviours. Without data-crunching machines telling us so, we might not see outgoings immediately. Maybe we only see so, with attention.

Heraclitus of Ephesus, the ancient Hellenic-Persian philosopher of 2500 years ago has been remembered in the aphorism “ποταμοῖσι τοῖσιν αὐτοῖσιν ἐμβαίνουσιν, ἕτερα καὶ ἕτερα ὕδατα ἐπιρρεῖ” (Ever-newer waters flow on those who step into the same rivers). Enwfothsitsr: This would be a good cryptographic password for each time I log into social media. Not the same waters twice eh? Actually I like like like.. Layered event posters stack up on a wooden notice board, the virtual-staples as meta-data accumulates on one's wall. And are hard—even pointless—to remove. One has committed oneself already, and patterns have been made. The system can see that, even if you cannot see it at first. Although many in the network activist scene try their best to critique and avoid the data-logger's track, I wish to see it instead as a spring-source.

I know an abandoned small-town cinema called ‘*Kino Avots*’ (trans. ‘Cinema Spring-source’) in Aizpute, in Latvia's Courland. Its dilapidated physical condition as a Soviet-late-modernist block of red brick infrastructure for projected dreams inspires me physically, and in metaphor. Its last use was briefly as a nightclub that went bankrupt. It is now a ruin for over 10 or more years. The cinema's foundations are under the surface of the stripped shell, flooded. It turns out the cinema is built upon a local constant source supply of fresh water. Probably it is too expensive to remove, and expensive to repair. And so it just exists there.

My recent prolific time spent online may be considered in a poetic way similar. Beyond repair, I cannot practically delete nor repair the structural platform I am project into, where both I and we socially-mediate and engage within. However, like the source-water stored in a basement, it is a pool of valuable material that gives life for something new: Subjectivities in relation to the machine, the timestamp, the network and glimpses of the embodied self.

In the recent 20 months or so I have maintained a rather nomadic lifestyle, regularly residing in several places. I try my best to connect to migrant epistemologies, the flow of people across time and space. Accompanied by an intensive performance online I imagine that I have been creating inter-relational loci—timespaces—through which are sprinkled, regularly deposited artefacts. Post(s), images, links and comments from the personal and global-political shifts of the contemporary past sink down into the waters. But also everyday and extraordinary kitchen plans and book-consumption, music videos, research references, and

cultural heritage as resource were thrown in. As I have been doing so, they become the unstirred digital sediment in the foundations. Layers of histories /onthisday/ which all have a drop-point when they entered the flow as potential source for future creative work practice-led research. That is, if they can be retrieved.

Many of my friends, seeing my online presence in social networks, wonder where am I these days. They stir a question, and I smile in return. There are many particles in the flow and it is murky, not clear. My obsfucation is working, I reflect, however that I know it is just a temporary confusion. Everything will settle like meta-data silt does, on hard-disks and servers somewhere. There are augmented blue lines, narrative pipes, forks, channels, filters and flows that can hint at solid forms to make autoarchaeologies, poetic and subjective media stories of a contemporary past. They are the memory palace, a conceptual cinema which is also a director's route making-do—from, to, and for—narratives. It is a Spring-source for this author's conception of virtual and augmented memory environments.

Here is, was, will be, *Avots*: <http://archive.org/details/agryfp-2018-avots>



*'Kino Avots', Aizpute, Latvia, July 2016.*